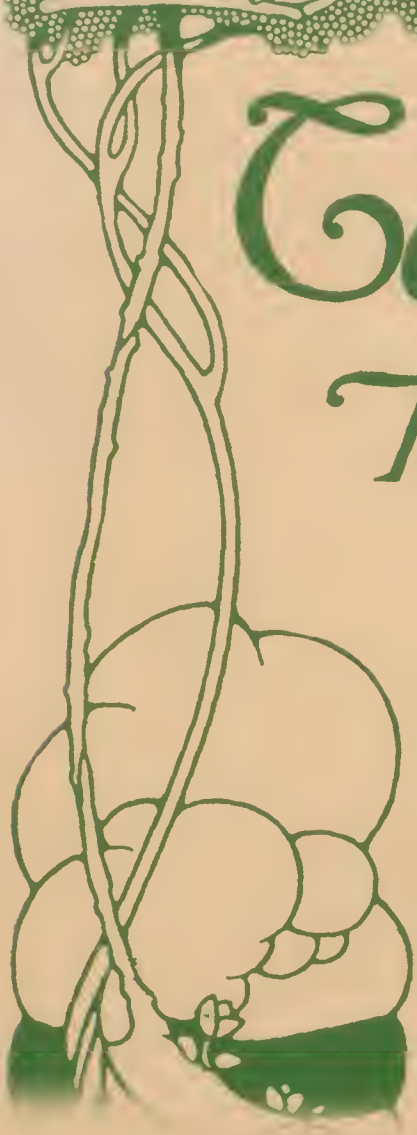


Camarack

May 1915





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Miss Bigelow (in English II Class, studying Silas Marner): "For what was Godfrey Cass noted?"

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Student: "The geography of Egypt is long and narrow."

Student: "The Egyptians cut their grain with a sigh (sickle)."

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Mr. Sanborn: "What was one of
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Carl M.: "Mosquitoes."

Hazle G. (History III): "Craft
Guilds were organizations by men to
find out and carry out their privi-
leges."

Mr. Collins: "How were they go-
ing to carry them out? On
stretchers?"

Miss Rogers (in P. S. II): "Of all
Kipling's Poems I believe I like 'The
Young Man's Feet.'"

Ralph Neely: "Miss Rogers, that's
a big subject."

"Hello, Johnny, fishin'?"

"Naw! I'm drowning worms."

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Mr. Sawtelle (English VII): "What is meant in line five by 'Andes and Ararat,' Miss Kyle?"

Elizabeth Kyle: "I don't know. I've heard of those men before but I don't remember anything about them."

Mr. Sanborn: "What effect has the moon upon the tide?"

Carl M.: "None! It affects the untied."

Miss Patterson (English IV): "What were the Guilds in the time of Shakespeare?"

Frank S.: "Ladies' Aid Societies."

Instructor: "Suppose we take a concrete example."

Harry A.: "Oh! That's too hard."



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Harry A.: "I don't know. I wasn't there."

Marietta H. (in Drawing): "I can get the bows all right but I can't tie the knots."

Mr. Ramsey (History VII): "Were the Dutch easily conquered?"

H. Springer: "Yes. There wasn't even any fire shot."

Miss Hamilton: "What are some of the things you must remember when using the sewing machine?"

Irene A.: "Keep your feet on the shuttle."

Miss Hamilton: "That would be impossible."

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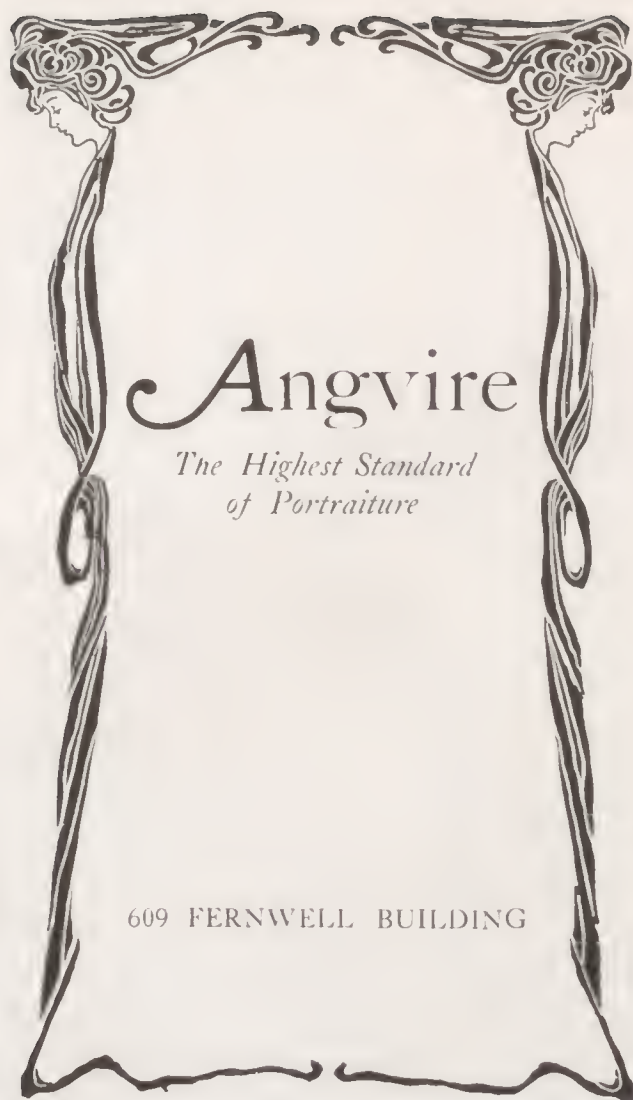
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Student (wisely): "A girl."

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—Ex.

Stenographer: "Why is your neck like a typewriter?"

Bell Hop: "Dunno."

Stenographer: "'Cause it's Under-wood."—Ex.

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SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

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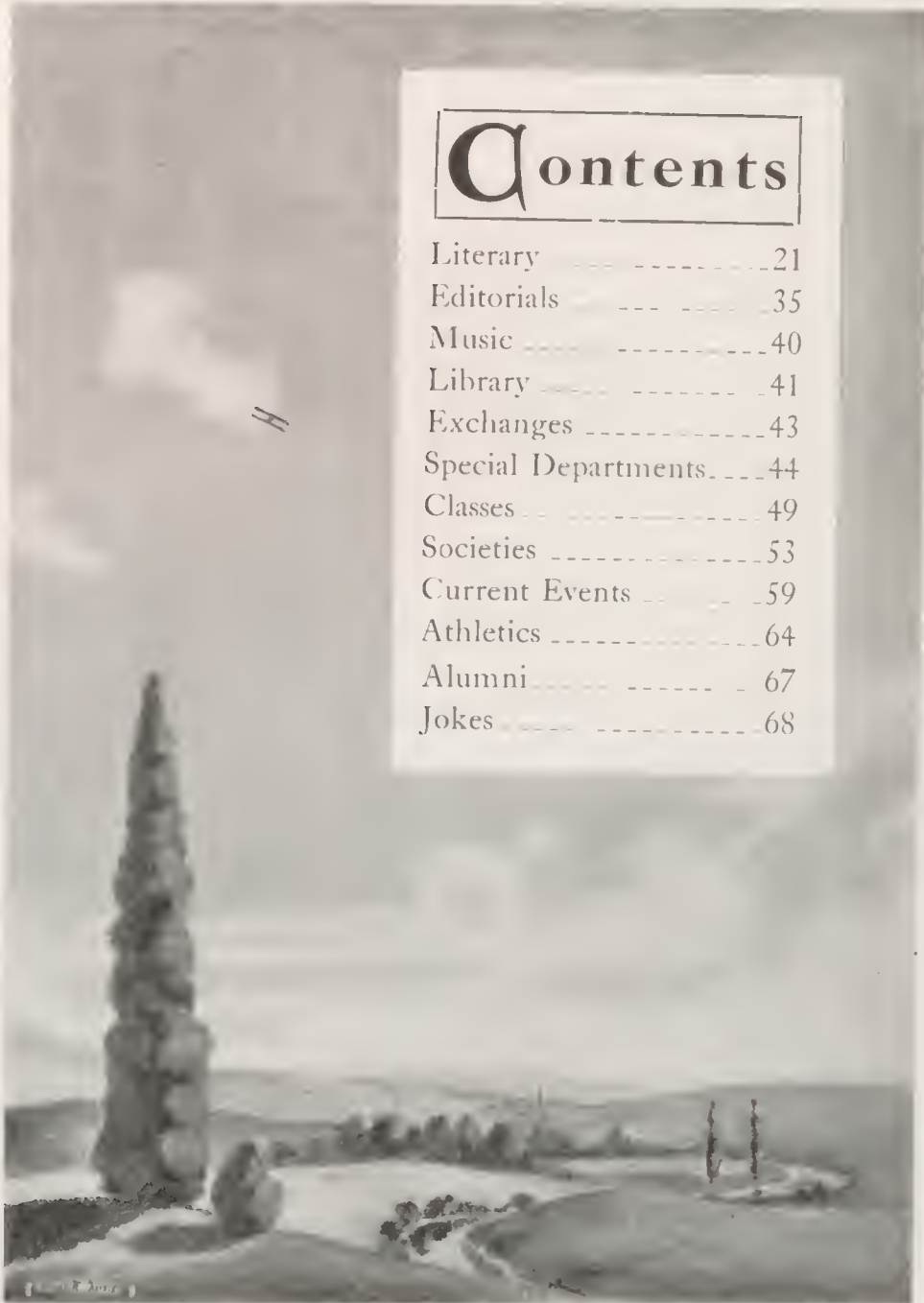
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Orlando C. (translating Latin IV).
"Leaning on their swords they re-
newed battle."

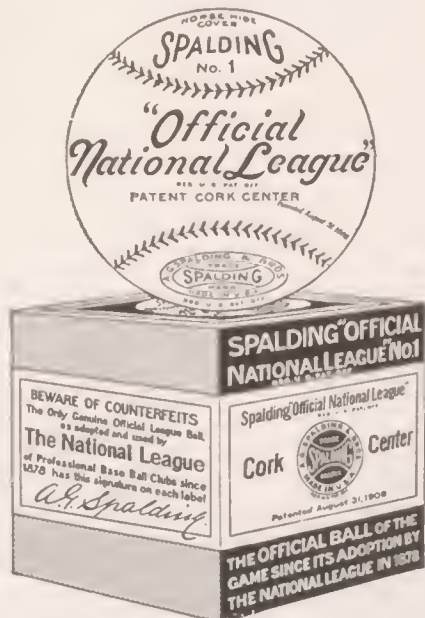
Miss Gibson: "That wouldn't be
very comfortable."

Mr. Lineau (correcting a German
sentence): "Oh, you left out the
'cup.' How are you going to drink
tea without a cup?"

Student: "Out of the tea-pot."

Duncan Brickell (translating in
Latin VII): "We rush in and are
encircled by thick arms."

Mr. Lineau: "Thick arms don't do
very much surrounding. Let's find
a better expression."



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LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BATS

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...*May*...

O MAY! you come again in glorious mornings blushing,
In deepening skies and glowing sunsets red,
With wakening woods, with sparkling brooks and rivers rushing
Toward the sea, o'er many a stony bed.

TEARS that the April showers scattered
You drink up gladly, and they turn to smiles
A thousand flowers cast upon the breezes,
Scenting the laden atmosphere for miles.

YOUR nights glow with stars,
Softening the solemn dark;
Wild birds sing to your dawn,
The soloist a meadow lark.

THE cricket shrills down in the meadow,
Across the fields the cow-bells ring.
O May! once more you come; again we welcome
The month which is the summer of the spring.
—S. F. L.



The Devil's Ward

Homer Collins, June '15

ENOCH MORRELL stiffly straightened up on his milking stool, took off his three-cornered hat and ran his fingers through his thin, gray hair as he peered fearfully into the woods and at all the shadows cast by them into his hilly New England pasture. He looked again at the pail of bloody milk between his knees, and then, as he remembered certain other strange occurrences, he suddenly came to the conclusion that he was under a spell. Witchcraft was a serious affair in the days of 1691, with Salem, the center of witchcraft activities, only four miles away.

He at once arose, emptied the pail, then shambled down the hill toward the road in a furtive manner, listening to all unwonted sounds, which were many, and looking into the deeper shadows east by the trees as if he really expected to see his tormentor. Just as he turned into the road he gave a startled jump as he saw a figure coming toward him that seemed hardly human in the gathering darkness. But the object of his fear was a man after all, Josiah Clark, a newcomer to that community, reputed to be rich and known to be mysterious in some of his dealings.

"Ha! Ha! Neighbor Goodwin," he called, looking at the fear-stricken countenance, "has your spotted cow been playing her pranks on you again? You may be glad to sell her to me yet, and at any price, too, eh?" He then passed by, and Enoch kept on down the road to his barnyard gate.

Just as Enoch opened the gate, Ebenezer Churchill, a companion from boyhood, hailed him and said he had come to get some advice as to a sharp bargain he was carrying on with another neighbor, but as he saw Enoch's agitation and the half-hidden but evidently empty milkpail he said:

"How now? Methinks you look frightened. Have you been looking over your shoulder at things that were not there?"

"Perchance I have, but I have reason. Listen well. I am under evil influence. Strange things have happened. Last night my wife saw a flaming portent. To night my cow, that I have been trying to sell, gave bloody milk, and this is not all."

"This must be looked into," sagely quoth Mr. Churchill again, "there are too many occurrences like this in our God-fearing community. I thought that the hanging of the witch, Hester Powell, would finish all trouble around here. However, the spawn of the devil that is doing this must also be found and made to confess. Do you come over to my house tomorrow morning and we will see what can be done."

All business was forgotten and each bade the other good-night and departed, overcome by this disaster to the community.

The next morning the two men were talking over the situation and were naming all who might be suspected of witchcraft. "And there is another one I have been thinking of," said Mr. Goodwin at length, "and that is Josiah Clark. He has been wanting to buy my spotted cow, and yesterday he laughed at my terror and said I would soon be glad to sell at any price."

"Ha! That may mean something," continued the well-meaning Mr. Churchill. "I myself have wondered much at his strange conduct. He is old and he keeps to himself too much. Even that loan of one hundred pounds sterling, which is so nearly due now, was hard to get. Ah, yes, Enoch, his housekeeper told me how he oftentimes tells her of his knowledge of the Black Arts taught him by an old Indian who had known Massasoit and King Philip."

"But how shall we bring him to trial?"

"That is easy. The soldiers don't get a chance to interfere on any such affair without a writ issued from Boston, and the Salem officials know right well how to take care of witch suspects. Go and see the bailiff, and with some armed men, I warrant there will be little trouble. Have them come this way and I will join you. But you say you are fearful. Very well. I will go with you."

"Surely the evil one is getting the upper hand in this colony," said Ebenezer Churchill as they swung along on the four-mile stretch from Danvers to Salem. "It surely is the forerunner of a great reign of evil, and it is well that witches can be brought to justice so easily. You mind how at the trial of the witch Hester that anything was evidence and how the righteous indignation of our good people made conviction certain. And we'll stretch the neck of Josiah Clark, too."

The two men soon acquainted the bailiff with the facts, and, being a pompous man, he saw the chance afforded by this to extend his prestige, so he quickly secured three armed men, and the six started off. On this trip to Clark's farm Churchill stopped at three farmhouses and asked the owners, who had complained to him as Enoch had done, if they thought Josiah Clark had been the cause of their discomfort, and explained the purpose of the motley crowd. Two had suspected Clark all along, they said, and one of them joined the party. The third was not sure but wished a speedy execution if he was guilty. The belief of the two in Clark's guilt strengthened the belief of the rest of the party and incidentally bolstered up the courage of the two.

The farm owned by Josiah Clark included what has since been called Folly Hill, and the farmhouse stood on the very top of this, crowned by a square tower affording the best view for miles around. To avoid being seen, the party sneaked along the stone wall, seeking the shelter of every bush and tree, with guns carried ready to be fired if resistance were offered or an escape attempted. The bailiff had the men surround the house, then, after they were in position, he and the best equipped man advanced on the house and cautiously lifted the knocker. In answer to the third knock the terrified housekeeper came to the door, unlocked it and allowed it to swing open about six inches where a chair held it.

"Laws a me!" she said as soon as she saw the bailiff and the heads of several of the men sticking out from shelter. "What is the matter? Have——"

But here the bailiff broke in. "My good woman, prithee, is one Josiah Clark here in this house? We have come to arrest him for disturbing the peace of this God-fearing community with unholy pranks conjured up by Satan."

"Oh, is that it! I knew it would come sometime. Why, I remember——"

"Hurry up, my good woman. Is he in the house? Tell me, or I must——," and here laid his hand suggestively upon the chair holding the door.

"No, no; he is not here. Don't search here. He is down feeding the swine, down back of the house. But who would have thought——"

But the bailiff had gone in the indicated direction, with his men following behind him. Just out of sight of the house they came upon the pigsty and even saw the bent and shrunken form of the object of their search and prejudice feeding the swine. Just

after they saw him, he heard them, turned quickly, grabbed up a pitchfork which he had just been using, backed up against the fence, and watched the men with his malicious little eyes.

"Well, what is it?" he sneered as they formed a semicircle around him.

The bailiff stepped forward and almost came in reach of a menacing swing of the pitchfork, then backed off a few paces before he proceeded with the formal charge of witchcraft.

"Was this nefarious scheme planned by Churchill to save payment of that one hundred pounds?" Clark asked with a malevolent glance at Churchill. "I deny all charges of witchcraft. I suppose you have leg irons and handcuffs with you. Well, you won't need them for me, and woe unto him that first tries to lay hands upon me. I defy you to touch me." And with his pitchfork poised as a spear and backed up against a stone wall he seemed able to carry out any such threat.

All the men fell back a little and the bailiff, struck for once with the need of diplomacy, said with something like a whine, "You might as well lay down that, that —," then continued, "We are eight, three are armed, and we will give you a fair trial in Salem tomorrow."

Clark was an old man and this bold resistance was made possible only by his fiery anger. The men gave him time to consider, and as this burst of defiance slowly left him, he became merely a weak old man again. The muskets still menaced him, and he stood a minute, then dropped his weapon and allowed himself to be led off, under guard, by the once pompous bailiff to the Salem jail.

The next morning after the arrest the old man was led from the log prison to the nearby townhouse, but now he was manacled, prodded on by a remorseless guardsman, and subjected to the gibes of a hostile crowd. The courtroom soon was filled with an audience already prejudiced against anything connected with witchcraft. This feeling rose to greater height as the accused now feebly, and now hotly and indignantly denied the charges brought against him which ranged from a creaking of rafters to an ordinary streak of bad luck or a shooting star. The lawyer, for his own safety, did but little.

The jury were subject to the same insane fear of all things supernatural. They arrived at the verdict in the parsonage just across the highway. While they were out the good townspeople of Salem freely offered to hang the scornful old man and some even did start for him when the jury filed in and pronounced him guilty.

But when the judge ordered the wizard three days in which to repent before he was hanged, they decided to let the proper authorities get the credit of killing another creation of the Evil One.

Despairing and under death sentence, Clark was left alone in his cell that afternoon. He dimly realized that one of the causes was the few mysterious statements that his crabbed spirit had prompted him to make. Later he saw that his only crime was in not getting interested in the younger generation and getting them interested in him. He had paid no attention to criticism on some of his sharp business deals, rebuffed all possible acquaintances, and here was the result. By this time it was dark, and far into the night he gave himself over to such bitter self-denunciation, then fell into a troubled sleep, in which he saw those who might have been his friends jeering at him as he was led to the scaffold.

The next day his thoughts turned to some means of escape. The guard was pacing around the building again, but the old man remembered that he was not there late the preceding night, and also knew that the third night a minister and the guard would be with him all night. Hence, he reasoned, he must make and carry out all plans that day and night, for it would be his last chance. He had looked the walls over before and knew that there was no chance there. The little window was barred, the door locked. He tried it again, even feeling for any weakness in the chinking and searching for any weakness in the floor and roof. There was none. He sank down on the rude bench beside his niggardly little fire and remained that way until his evening meal was brought him.

He now looked out of the window again through the two wooden bars on the inside and the three iron bars on the outside. At one time he had been a carpenter and as a matter of professional interest he examined the fastenings. They were merely the early type of screws! The sills were beginning to rot, and probably they could be loosened. He had not been searched and he still had a few coins and a jack-knife. With trembling hand he tried one screw when the guard's back was turned. The screw yielded. So did another. He took another chance, reached out, and found the iron bars were similarly fastened. He stepped over to the fire, picked up a piece of charcoal and scribbled something on the bench, and muttered, "Since they think I am guilty, I might as well take the advantage of it." Then he grinned and waited for darkness to come and for the guard to go. This happened soon after the town erier called the hour of nine. With feverish haste

the old man worked. Off came one bar, two; then an iron one, then another.

He tiptoed back to the fire, charred the wooden bars and even bent and blackened the iron bars. He chuckled, took one more glance at his prison cell, placed the bars on the windows, then with great caution crawled through the window, dropped to the ground, and though he begrudged the time, replaced all the bars. He took a great breath as he realized he was free. Now he would go to another part of the country and remember the lessons thought out in those hours of bitter self-condemnation.

In the morning the guard passed around the building several times before he thought it worth while to look into the wizard's cell. As the town crier called the hour of seven he made his usual inspection and finally looked into Clark's cell. It was empty! The bailiff was soon aroused and the two entered the little cell. "Merely on us!" exclaimed the terrified guardsman as he pointed to the legend written in charcoal on the bench and slowly read, "The Devil, whose ward I am, is here to take me." A cold perspiration stood out on the bailiff's brow as his eyes followed those awful charcoal characters. Then his glance fell on the window with its charred oaken bars and twisted iron ones still in place, confirming his most awful suspicions and furnishing terrible proof of the power of the Evil One. A moment he stayed there, riveted to the spot by his terror of it all, then as he regained control of his official powers he slowly said, "It is useless for man to follow." And this opinion voiced the sentiments of all who flocked there to gaze open-mouthed at the horrifying spectacle, fulfilling their worst fears of the league of this man and the devil.



The Green Agate

Bryan Leiser, June '15

H! SKIP—where'd you get that aggie? Le's see it," and lanky "Smithy" Smithers eagerly hopped across the marble ring to "Skip" Norman's side, and twisted the object in question from its owner's hand. "Skip" immediately started a counter-attack for possession, but was held off by "Smithy's" long arm, until the sudden leap of "Les" Phillips onto the bully's back so disconcerted the latter as to cause him to drop the green agate. Immediately the broil ceased, for "Les" dodged from behind the common enemy, avoiding a vicious backward kick, and faced "Smithy" from beside "Skip."

"Come on, now! Don't start anything, old sorehead," snarled Smithers, glaring at the set face of "Les," and at "Skip" beside him, eager and confident. The crowd of boys about the three jostled and shoved, the tenseness disappeared, and "Smithy" drew back into the crowd.

"Le's see the agate, 'Skip'; will you?" cried two or three of the "bunch," and then as "Skip" drew it from his pocket, "Where did you get it?"

"Oh," said "Skip", deprecating yet proud, "my cousin sent me that. He said it was the only one like it he'd ever seen. But, pooh! it's just a little old green aggie. Whose shoot is it?"

"I'll give you my suger-top for it, 'Skip'," offered Bill eagerly.

"Huh-uh," denied "Skip" laconically, pinching "dates" of mud to set the marbles on. But denial whetted the eagerness of the other, and he bid and bid again for the green agate. Though the bids grew more and more tempting, "Skip" Norman refused them, each more lightly than the last, and clung tenaciously to the possession of the agate. He was tasting the joy of distinction from owning something which no one else had, but which many wanted.

As the damp days passed, one by one, "Skip's" fortune of marbles was added to at a wonderful rate. He and the "bunch" had come to attribute almost infallible qualities to the green agate. It never was known to fail to send a marble spinning from the ring. "Skip" would no more have thought of parting with it than he would have parted with the thumb on his right hand, though even his right-hand companion "Les" Phillips was bidding high for it by this time.

The imp of covetousness had entered into the soul of "Les." He and "Skip" had shared evenly on joys and sorrows ever since they had lived in the same block, but at last was come a pleasure which only one could enjoy, and which the other must witness, yet not take part in. The seed of evil had been very small, but an enormous bramble bush was growing where the seed fell, and its gnarled roots and thorny branches were crowding out the freedom of comradeship which existed between "Les" and "Skip." "Les" began to ponder morosely over the favoritism of what he called "luck." His brain began to pick busily about for signs of his bad luck compared to "Skip's" phenomenal good luck. He soon arrived at the opinion that "Skip" was the only lucky boy in town, and he became more and more secretly embittered over his own ill-favored existence. From the despicable longing for possession of the green agate had grown this soured vision of the little world he lived in.

Little by little he was widening the gap between himself and "Skip." His visits to the little cave on the river bank which they had named "The Roost" were not so often made in company with his chum, but more frequently by himself. One day, as he sat alone on the bank and stared moodily out over the gold-flecked stream, he turned his gaze to the slope at his feet, and saw, not fifty feet away, an object which he recognized as "Skip's" marble-pouch.

He rose and walked down to where it lay. Picking it up, he slowly drew the mouth open, and saw within the green agate. It suddenly occurred to him that here lay the root of his sorrow—his tragedy, he thought—and that here was the one thing he had wanted for the past two weeks. Irresolutely he debated in his mind. He touched the agate, held it in his hand, and took imaginary aim at an invisible marble. He imagined that he heard the awed protests of the "bunch" as he "cleared the ring." Once more the joy of life flowed in his veins, tickled his heart strings, and drew aside the murky veil through which he had been looking for several days.

For a moment he stood immovable; then, with quick resolution, he thrust the agate into his pocket, dropped the pouch where he had found it, and hurried off.

That night, as he lay in bed, trying to sleep, he felt the old bitterness steal over him, and creeping out from between the covers, fumbled in his clothes. He found the agate, and knelt at the open window. Half way down the block he could see "Skip's" house. "Skip" was probably sound asleep now. Fondly "Les" fingered

the cold, glossy marble for an instant; then, drawing back, he hurled the thing into the darkness of the April night, and crawled back into bed with a half-sob in his throat.

On his way to school next morning, he saw "Skip" Norman come out of his front door, and dodge into the alley to evade him.

There he ran against "Smithy" Smithers.

"Hello," cried "Smithy," catching "Les'" arm and twisting it.

"Leggo!" cried "Les," his pent-up emotions of two weeks suddenly swelling within him. He jerked back, almost screaming in his rage, and swung blindly at his tormentor. Immediately the other closed in on "Les" and was beating the smaller boy to his knees, when a hurrying figure flew into the alley mouth and yelled aloud in rage and excitement.

It was "Skip." With his timely reinforcement, he helped "Les" to his feet, and then the two advanced on the hesitating "Smithy." But "Smithy" turned and fled, the two boys pursuing him a short distance. As he disappeared over a backyard fence, they stopped, and faced each other for a moment. Then as he met "Skip's" look, "Les'" eyes fell, his lip quivered, and suddenly he was pouring the whole tale of the green agate into "Skip's" sympathetic ear.

When it was done, "Skip" shifted from one foot to another, and began to mutter: "Aw, 'sall right, 'Les.' 'Taint anything."

"Les" half turned away, digging his toe into the gravel. The two were silent for a minute.

Suddenly, sharp and clear on the morning air sounded, from a lot down the street, the crack of seasoned wood on a baseball. "Skip's" eye lighted, his shoulders squared.

"Say, 'Les'," he breathed eagerly, "let's start a ball team!"



The Righting of the Wrong

John W. Koontz, June '15

Edwin Chase sat motionless in a large arm-chair before the fire-place, dreamily watching the leaping flames as they cast their flickering, dancing shadows about the room and formed before his eyes pictures of the past—memories that came rushing back, recalling vividly to his mind his whole life, almost from day to day, until he stood again in the office of Horace W. Prescott, New York City's leading banker and millionaire, weak and discouraged, and applied for work. Mr. Prescott had given Chase employment, for beneath the lines of worry and fatigue, the banker had seen the strong will power and character that makes a man. Chase had worked hard and conscientiously, constantly gaining favor in the eyes of Mr. Prescott. The banker was a bachelor and without relatives, which probably was the reason he was willing, later, to take the young man into his home as a son and heir. And then, Chase stood, as two weeks before, beside the dying banker, and saw once more in those burning eyes that awful look of anguish, sorrow, shame, as the man rallied the very last of his vital forces and cried out, "I—must—make—it right. I—must—make it—right. Will you promise to to," but then the breath left the wasted body and the terrible light in those burning eyes died out.

Never before had Edwin Chase looked upon such a face, not only wasted by sickness, but the drawn, distorted, ghastly face of a haunted man. And as he sat before the fire watching the flames grow dimmer, fainter, and heard the little clock on the mantle slowly, solemnly speak the hour, Chase wondered what incidents in the banker's life had filled that face with horror and those burning eyes with anguish.

Near the hour of midnight an automobile stopped a short distance from the magnificent mansion of Edwin Chase. A young woman alighted from the tonneau, and looking carefully about to see that no one observed her movements, started quickly, yet cautiously, toward the house. Stealing up to one of the windows she again looked carefully about her, and forcing it open, quietly entered the room. As if accustomed to the place, she made her way softly, pausing now and then to listen, to the library. Kneeling before the safe she rapidly worked the combination and drew back the heavy door. She was trembling now,—not with fear, excitement, or eagerness,—for within her a voice was pleading, "No, no, no." But a stronger voice was urging and leading her on. Taking

a roll of bills from the safe, the woman left the mansion as quickly, quietly, and as unobserved as she had entered.

In the morning Chase discovered the robbery. Going into the library he noticed that the safe door was open, and a short investigation revealed the theft of the money. Yet, what surprised him most, was that only a small part of the money in the safe was missing; two large rolls of bills still remained. Looking around the room, hoping to find something which might lead as a clue to the intruder, Chase saw lying on the floor a woman's handkerchief with the letter P neatly embroidered in one corner.

The young man picked up the handkerchief and looked at it long and carefully, puzzled to know what it all meant. Why had the thief taken only a small part of the money? How had the safe been so easily opened? Had Chase carelessly left the safe door unlocked, or did the person know the combination? He believed—he almost knew—that the safe was locked. And the handkerchief—it looked as if the midnight prowler had been a woman. As Chase thought over these puzzling questions, he determined to quietly investigate alone.

A week passed, yet Edwin Chase had not found the slightest clue that might lead to the answering of all those mysterious questions. Tonight he must attend a meeting of the Bankers' Association. He pulled his hat low over his head and wrapped his overcoat tightly about himself as he ran through the drenching rain down the walk to his automobile. As Chase sat within the enclosed car, the earth seemed to rock and tremble as the mighty peals of thunder went tumbling and crashing, and the ink-black sky seemed blazing with zig-zag streaks of lightning. The rain was beating furiously down, and looking out the window, the young man could see the streets were torrents of rushing water.

Suddenly an automobile came speeding down the avenue, and without slowing up, the chauffeur tried to swing the heavy car around the corner. But the wheels would not grip the wet pavement, and Chase saw the car skid and crash into the curbing. Chase's chauffeur quickly reached the demolished automobile, and the two men dragged the driver and a young woman from beneath the wreckage. Chase bent over the unconscious woman and saw she was not badly injured. He looked in her purse and found a handkerchief with the letter P neatly embroidered in one corner. Chase, wondering, put the handkerchief in his coat pocket. The two injured persons were placed in Chase's automobile and driven to a near-by hospital, where the attending physician announced

that, aside from slight cuts and bruises, the young woman was suffering only from the shock.

About ten o'clock the next morning, Chase drove to the hospital to visit the woman whose handkerchief he still carried carefully in his pocket. He found her sitting by an open window, her arms and forehead covered with bandages. She smiled up at him as he placed in her arms a large bouquet of roses.

"I brought you these," he said, "and this." He took her handkerchief from his pocket. She laughed as she thanked him.

"But I have another just like it." He watched her closely, trying to hide his interest, as he took another handkerchief from his pocket—the handkerchief he had found lying on the floor of his library. "This one I found on the floor of my library. How it came there is a mystery to me."

He saw her start and turn pale.

"My—my—who are you?"

"Pardon me for not telling you before. I am Edwin Chase."

Again the young woman started, but almost immediately gained control of herself. She smiled. "And I am Lillian Moore. I didn't know I had such a distinguished visitor."

"I did not know I would startle you so by showing you the other handkerchief."

"It did startle me," she admitted. "It was so peculiar."

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "it is peculiar."

Chase left her with a promise to return, but the next day the doctor at the hospital told him that Lillian Moore had suddenly decided that she must leave.

As Chase sat before the fire that night, he had much, very much to think about.

* * * * *

A few farmers had gathered along the depot platform to watch, with open mouths and staring eyes, the big Western Limited as it came thundering into the little town of Cresville, Wisconsin. The train had scarcely stopped until the huge locomotive was again puffing and groaning. As the last car disappeared around the curve, the men turned to inspect, with equal wonder, the man who had stepped from the train and stood watching them with an amused smile. He wore even finer clothes than the drummers who occasionally stopped at Cresville to stock the little grocery store, and they viewed with admiration his broad shoulders and young, manly face.

Walking up to the man nearest him, the new arrival asked pleasantly, "Can you direct me to Mr. Alexander Moore's?" The farmer pointed out the house, and picking up his valise, the traveler started slowly up the road, breathing deep the pure air of the country and viewing with delight the beautiful green fields that stretched, as far as the eye could see, about him. When the door of the house was opened, he stood face to face with Lillian Moore. The young woman started back, filled with astonishment and fear.

"Mr. Chase," she gasped, "why are you here?"

In his surprise Edwin Chase almost dropped the valise.

"I didn't expect to find you here," he said, at last. "I came to see Mr. Alexander Moore."

"He is my father. Come in, Mr. Chase, and I will call him."

Chase entered and was soon greeted by Mr. Moore. As they sat down, Lillian Moore took a seat beside her father.

"I came to see you, Mr. Moore," explained Chase, "as a representative of the Bankers' Association of New York, about the establishment of a bank in Cresville. I am President of the New York State Bank."

"I guess you won't have to explain further, Mr. Chase." The old man looked the other squarely in the eyes. "Anybody that is connected with that skunk Prescott's bank can not do business with me."

"I—I don't understand," stammered Chase, astonished and embarrassed.

"Don't—don't, father," pleaded Miss Moore, "he does not understand. You must explain everything."

"Yes," said her father, sadly, "I must explain."

And then it was that Edwin Chase learned the secret of Horace Prescott's life. As he listened to Mr. Moore's story, the young man heard, again, the dying banker cry out in his agony, "I—must—make it—right," and saw that awful face and those burning eyes—and now he understood.

Mr. Moore told how Prescott, six years ago, at that time a banker in Atlanta, Georgia, had taken a trip West, became very well acquainted with the Moores, who were then in serious financial straits, and fell in love with Lillian Moore. Mr. Moore objected to the marriage because of his daughter's youth, but when Prescott promised to give Moore financial help, and at the pleadings of Lillian, her father reluctantly gave his consent. After the marriage, Horace Prescott transferred his banking interests from Atlanta to New York City. There, in the whirl of high society, the banker

forgot his love for his wife, and after a baby boy was born, the mother, realizing that she could not live happily with her husband, went back to her father's home. A long drought ruined the crops, again plunging Mr. Moore into financial difficulties. His daughter, with her little boy, returned to New York hoping to find employment. Her efforts were fruitless and she and the boy faced starvation. Then she heard of Mr. Prescott's death and the leaving of his vast estate to Edwin Chase. Her first impulse was to go to Edwin Chase, tell to him the whole story, and ask for the money that was rightfully hers. But she shrank from facing him, for she believed him to be as cruel and relentless as had been her husband. She would have sued for the estate, but she did not possess the proofs of her marriage. The pleadings of the little boy for food tore at the mother's heart. She must have money! Still fearing to face the young millionaire, she decided to rob his safe, hoping that, some day, her wrong would be made right.

As Edwin Chase sat as one condemned and heard the banker's life revealed to him, the pain that filled his eyes made all who saw him pity.

"Mr. Moore," said Chase finally, "this shall be made right. The boy shall have all that is rightfully his."

* * * * *

Little Bobby Prescott sat on the floor of the dining room at his grandfather's home, with his arm around the neck of his collie, Shep. Placing the shaggy head to his cheek he whispered, "Mama and I are going back to New York, Shep, an' we're going to take you." Bobby arose, and tip-toed softly to the curtains that hung between the dining room and parlor. Parting the curtains a trifle, he looked through into the other room. Then he turned to his dog.

"Shep, that Mr. Chase has his arms around mama and is kissing her and she doesn't care a bit."

Again he seated himself beside the dog. For a moment he was silent, then a thoughtful look came into his little face as he sighed and said, "I guess, Shep, we are going to take Mr. Chase along, too."





There are many students who enter high school, attend it every school day for four years, and then graduate, without ever having identified themselves with a single school activity. There are other students, who enter school but do not graduate. Probably they dropped out because they found nothing here to interest them, or of which they could feel a part. Such a state of affairs is wrong. Not a single student of normal character should try to **exist** in high school on a diet of studies only. He should rather **live** school life, using the broad meaning of the word, and to do this, he must take part in something besides studies. He must help make the life he lives while here.

For a student to take part in some activity means that that student has bound himself more securely to school life, and that he has something to break the monotony of study and yet keep him in touch with the school. Then, too, that something helps to give him a broader education than books and recitations alone give—the education of living happily with fellow-beings.

To the lower-classman, it seems as though only a chosen few “get into things” about school; it seems as though unfavored ones are never blessed with prominence in school life. And he feels that he is unfavored.

Kill that thought, lower-classman! It is up to you to make yourself valuable to student activities before you may help conduct them. Be alive, and wide-awake, and be interested in things around you. There are any number of things to work into—music, dramatics, athletics, literature, debating, clubs and societies—all open to any one who qualifies as a congenial, capable, wide-awake student. Wake up, and “get into the swim!”

BE YOURSELF

Imitation is a sign of weakness. If you have thoughts and feelings and ideals different from those of other people and believe in them with all of your heart, do not stifle them under the cover of imitation. Let them be shown in your outer life; let your individualism exert itself on other people. The greatest men the world has ever known were those who could express their individual thoughts and feelings in some form or other. Think and act as your inner self tells you to, governed by your own moral nature at its best. Be yourself!

DEFEATS

It is hard to suffer reverses, and still be "the man." Victories come easily, and we can laugh over them, but when we feel the sting of defeat, then it takes "character" to stand and smile. Every student in high school is developing his character for later life. Now and then some disappointment, some defeat, may strengthen us far more than we realize.

The Observer stood in a dark doorway in the lower hall, while the noon-hour crowd promenaded.

"Say!" exclaimed an ardent Sophomore, to a companion,

"There's a pretty girl."

PUT IT THERE

"Yes," answered the other fellow," but she would be lots prettier if she wouldn't try so many gymnastic stunts with her face, and that wad of gum she has in it." And they passed on.

The "Sophie" was right, though his language was crude. But he spoiled the effect of a sharp criticism by indulging in some fancy grimaces over his own "wad o' Spearmint." He knew what gum-chewing looked like, but he did not take it enough to heart to throw his own gum away.

No doubt he went into class still working on the gum, and felt "sore" at the teacher for requesting him politely to throw it away.

But a pupil who chews gum can not keep his mind on the recitation. For the gum-chewer, to taste all the delicate pleasure of the "sticky cud," must keep his mind on the subject in hand—or rather, the subject in mouth. He must continue to find new angles and speeds at which to manipulate the "wad," in order to draw out

each lingering bit of sweetness from the mass, and to feel that pliant bit of plastic bliss roll on his tongue.

A person engaged in such pleasant labor has no thoughts for recitations, so the teacher points to the basket and says, "In there!"

DEBATING

THE debating squad, being the only department of the school that failed to "come home with the bacon" this year, feels that explanations are in order. And in way of offering explanation it might be well to say that it is sincerely felt that if the boys had been given even a smell of the smoked meat, there would be another championship banner floating over the school today.

The first debate was forfeited to us by Latah giving us only two points according to league rules. Thus we were relieved of all possibility of making one of the total twelve points that make up a season.

But the debaters came back with a vengeance and sent Newport home after the next debate of the season defeated to the tune of three to nothing. Kirk and Johnson being Seniors were given places on this team, as it was the last debate before their graduation. Grinsfelder was the third party that aided in humbling Newport, who, by the way, had just defeated our rivals across the river in the previous contest.

Harrington was the next victim. Margolyes and Hunter accompanied "Samuel" on this trip and put up a decidedly convincing argument, although the judges saw fit to give us only two points.

The last debate of the season was a surprise. For some unknown reason, instead of being pitted against the only other undefeated team in the league, we were scheduled to compete with Lewis and Clark. This is still harder to understand when it is considered that we would have met them anyway in a specially arranged debate if we had not met under the auspices of the league. Our only rival for the championship, Odessa, was matched against a weak and certain victim with the one possible outcome—a unanimous decision.

But our boys were on the platform ready to talk, in spite of their objections to this peculiar arrangement of opponents and as usual came away with the better end of the bargain. White was the only new man on the team, Hunter representing us for the

second time, and "Sam," as usual, for the third member of the team.

There were two objectionable features to the debate. One was the personal remarks that characterized the entire argument on both sides, and the other was the unwillingness of our opponents to discuss the question. About two-thirds of the time was used in the discussion of the question that might be stated: "Resolved, That we shall argue the question specified." Finally they came down to the discussion of the real issue and both sides showed exceptional ability in picking out the main points for refutation. The decision was somewhat of a surprise, only two to one.

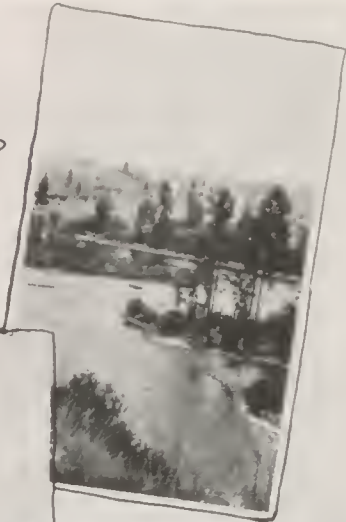
However, far be it from us to complain about such reversals of fate. We are perfectly satisfied and wish our successful opponents all success—until next year.

The credit is practically all due our coach, Mr. Coleman. Coming to us from Columbia University he was certainly qualified to fill the position. Further than his exceptional ability as a coach there is that characteristic so desirable in a teacher and coach—that of good fellowship. He certainly has it. After each of the debates this season he took the team to Davenport's as a means of showing his appreciation for their work. This is not only a precedent in the annals of our school history but serves as a sort of key to his character to the outsider who has not come into such close contact with him as the debaters have and hence cannot hold him in the same deep esteem. Taking a bunch of green material and winning a championship is no small task and if things had been otherwise that is just what Mr. Coleman would have done. And if the school will turn out and support him next season, that is exactly what will happen. White and Margolyes are the only two left and it is up to the school to fill the places of the men who have graduated.

John Haney also deserves mention as one of the best and hardest working men on the squad. He "stuck" from beginning to end with his typical spirit. The regular teams owed their victories in a great measure to the practice debates the other fellows gave them.

—David Kirk.

Spokane
river views





FRIDAY evening, May 14, a music festival to be participated in by all of the musical talent of the school, will be held in the school auditorium. The festival is to be a repetition of the one given a year ago, and will feature vocal and instrumental numbers, with a cantata as a special feature. Over 1,000 invitations have been issued.

Orchestra work is being carried on with the usual vim and vigor. New and more difficult pieces are being practiced and a good showing at the music festival is promised. New members admitted at the beginning of the spring semester are:

First Violin—

Charles Hopper

Francis McKay

George McKay

Second Violin—

Ruth Huntington

Bass—

Elizabeth Berry

Horn—

Guy Winship

Second Clarinet—

Loring Overman

Drums—

Arthur Savage



YOUR WORK

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market place or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 'This is my work: my blessing, not my doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done in the right way.'

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
 To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
 Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
 And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
 At eventide, to play and love and rest,
 Because I know for me my work is best."

—Henry VanDyke.

AT THE present day the greatest problem which confronts the young man or woman is "what shall I become?" It is a question which should be settled as nearly as possible by all young people before they leave high school.

In the North Central this problem has been wisely met. Mr. Hargreaves secures prominent men to speak to the boys on how they choose their vocation, the possibilities of that vocation and the cost to secure the necessary education. He has also appointed a vocational guide for both boys and girls, Mr. Prickett for the boys and Miss Wilson for the girls. If the student wishes to know more about the vocation which he might desire to follow he can apply to the vocational guide, who will present him with a bibliography previously prepared by the Librarian. If the student is not able to secure the information wanted after visiting the library the vocational guide stands ready to offer additional advice. This has been a great help to many of the students and will probably be a greater success in the future as the plan works out.

The Tamarack will print in following issues bibliographies on particular vocations. With this issue it presents a list of books and magazine articles on the requisites of successful work. This list will put you in touch with some of the greatest authors and will explain clearly the necessary things needed to be a success in life.

BOOKS

Briggs, L. B. R.—Girls and Education.

Education and culture as essentials in the life of successful girls.

Cooper, C. S.—Reasons for Going to College (in his *Why Go To College*, chap. 4).

Hale, E. E.—How To Do It.

"Familiar chapters on how to talk, write, go in society, and various other things sometimes dreaded by young people because they are not sure just 'how.'"

James, William—Habit (in his *Psychology—Briefer Course*, chap. X).

Recommended by Mr. Hargreaves.

Larned, J. N.—Primer of Right and Wrong.

Chapters on self-control and the formation of habit, integrity, honor, honesty, right and wrong in business and citizenship.

Laselle, M. A. & Wiley, K. E.—The Successful Girl (in their *Vocations for Girls*, pp. 97-101).

Marden, O. S.—Choosing a Career.

"Considerations relating to the choice of a life calling. Suggestions as to possible careers."

Marden, O. S.—Training for Efficiency.

Paine, H. E.—Girls and Women.

"On health, education, self-support, charity, hospitality, emotional women."

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

Education and Success. *Sci. Am.* 104:542. *Je.* 3, '11.

Importance of Being Interested. *Outlook* 107:663-7. *Jul.* 18, '14.

Cites cases of noted people who have succeeded because of their intense interest in their work.

Character That Achieves Success. *Outlook* 102:7-8.

Business qualities of one of America's most noted corporation managers.

Our Librarian, Miss Fargo, has been very much interested of late in the organizing and advertising of the Library Conference of the National Educational Association at Oakland on August 24th. She is secretary of the library section of that great organization.

Mr. Hargreaves expressed great gratification on the way the library was managed during Miss Fargo's recent absence. The routine of the library work continued as usual under the excellent supervision of Miss Jessie Brewer. The remark of our principal reflects great credit on the student body and the Student Government Board.

EXCHANGES

THE "Clarion" publishes a "communication department" of criticisms, questions, and suggestions on school affairs.

The exchanges of "The World" are on file in an "Exchange Case" in their library, and are accessible to faculty and students.

"Only will our ideal for the paper be realized," says "The Scroll," one of our popular exchanges. "when the policy is fully understood that 'The Scroll' is not produced by the staff or a few good story-tellers, poets, and cartoonists, but that it is an all-school paper in the broadest, most democratic sense; an opportunity for every Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman to express himself, whether in verse, prose, or pictures." The Washington High School, which "The Scroll" represents, also boasts a Parent-Teachers' Association.

The splendid department headings of "The Red and Black" add much to the attractiveness of the publication, while "Whims" with its usual high-grade literary and art work has an especially appropriate number in the "Washington Beautiful" issue.

"Gonzaga" produces literary work of a very high standard, worthy of its object "to stimulate the students to chronicle their college activities."

In its "Beanville Bugle" "The Oriole" produces some happy bits of humor on topics of the day.

"The Lewis and Clark Journal" publishes an honor role of students who have attained a grade of not less than 90%, together with a list of students receiving honorable mention for a grade of not less than 85% for the last semester. It has an exceptionally good editorial in "To Freshmen and Others."

"The Tahoma" in its spring number breathes of spring from cover to cover.

Perhaps it would interest the students of North Central High School to know that we receive an exchange from far-away Japan. The name of the magazine is "The Kwassui Quarterly" and it is published by Kwassui Jo Gakko, a missionary school for girls, in Nagasaki, Japan. "The Tamarack" is glad to see such a strange visitor.



MANUAL TRAINING, A MODE OF EXPRESSION*

THE greatest value of our educational system of this day lies in the advantage of the school to give students every chance within reasonable limits to express themselves in some form or other. The human mind is simply a huge exchange, receiving ideas and giving ideas. A person without a way of expressing himself would be of little value to the world. So many people have ideas and thoughts which they are unable to put into words, and, therefore, information which might have enriched future generations is lost forever, unless some other person has the same thoughts and the ability to express them clearly and concisely. The school nowadays is trying to give each student a means of expressing himself to others; or, more definitely, is trying to cultivate the ability of the student to give his thoughts to others.

Nature has bestowed upon most people two channels of expression,—the tongue and the hand, excepting those inner feelings which are shown on the countenance, such as anger or sorrow. The forms of expression by these two channels are six in number, as follows:

(1) Mechanic arts, (2) sculpture, (3) painting, (4) architecture, (5) music, (6) language.

It will be seen that only the last two can be expressed by the tongue; the other four, and these two in part, can be expressed by the hand. So it would appear that the training of the hand would be of vastly greater importance than that of the tongue. If this be so, then the tongue has been overtrained by our civilization, the hand undertrained.

The editor is indebted for information on this subject to William L. Crane's article, "A Plea for the Education of the Hand," appearing in "The Philistine" of March, 1900.

Forty-four



Furniture made in Manual Arts classes

This is why manual training has been made such an important factor in our modern schools. Many a boy has thoughts and ideas which he cannot express linguistically, but give him a chance to use his hands and he will be far happier and contented. It is instinctive for a boy to use his hands—to be cutting, whittling, or molding—just as it is instinctive for him to fight. Modern industry has taken this out of the home, and manual training has been substituted in place of the loss. The boy now has a chance to put his own ideas and thoughts into form—he has found a way of lightening his mind.

Manual training has had too narrow a definition applied to it in the past. It is not merely the making of a box, a joint, a table; the idea is not to make a carpenter or a draftsman, but the boy will associate with carpenters and draftsmen; it does not aim to train him for a vocation, but it will enable him to find his vocation and calling; manual training is merely and only a means of education and development.

Mr. Crane gives his definition of manual training as,—the cultivation of the hand so that it may be able to express the ideas of the mind; to serve as an adjustment between mind and matter; to be the complement of the mind in man's struggle for the control of his environment.

Manual training has not the purpose in view as is believed by most people—the purpose of a school of apprenticeship. The broader and truer purpose of manual training is to train the hand to express the mind, not in one trade or line of work, but to express whatever the mind of the person trained is capable of thinking or conceiving. When we look on manual training from this light we can see clearly that it is nothing but a path to the higher fields of education and learning—a means to an end.

THE INEVITABLE CHANGE IN THE ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

FROM the days of the Greeks, with whom democracy had its birth to the present day when it is recognized by the existence of such bodies as Senate, Parliament, and Reichstag, the pure democracy has been looked upon as the most desirable. However, all things desirable are not possible and so we must consider the possibility of a pure democracy in the United States.

In the early colonial days, a pure democracy was easily possible and consequently several existed, such as in the early days at Plymouth. But today with the nation stretching over thousands

of miles, and with over one hundred millions of people, a pure democracy in all particulars is a physical impossibility.

Nevertheless what is the tendency in the United States? What do the Initiative and Referendum suggest? What does the Recall suggest? What do the direct election of the United States Senators suggest? The answer is: the tendency of the present day in the United States is toward a pure democracy as far as possible and feasible.

This being true, the future holds an inevitable change for us in the election of our president. Why do the names of the candidates not appear on the ballot? Why confuse the voter with an unnecessarily intricate ballot? There is no suitable answer to either question. The candidates' names should appear on the ballot. Each state's officials should count the votes and communicate the results to Washington, D. C., where the outcome should be determined.

Our history holds several notorious examples of the folly of the present system wherein the man who received the most votes was defeated because he did not receive them in the right place to elect more electors. This fact alone, in a nation where justice has the right of way, should convince us of the desirability of having our president elected by a direct vote of the people.

A pure democracy, as far as possible, will bring greater satisfaction to the voter as he will have only himself to blame for any error or misfortune.

—Adolph Marks.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

THERE is today, one principle in the policy of the United States which has outlived its usefulness. Not only has it become obsolete and useless, but it is also regarded by many prominent men of this country, as very dangerous to our international welfare. This principle is the much-famed "Monroe Doctrine."

Originally, this doctrine was set forth by President James Monroe in the statement of his views to the Congress on two important questions, namely: The operation of the Holy Alliance, in Europe, which was trying to restore Spanish Rule in the Spanish-American Colonies, which had revolted, and Russia's attempt to colonize the western coast of the present United States.

Its purpose was to keep European countries from colonizing and extending their form of government on the American continent. It is now, however, taken by most people to mean that the

United States has assumed control of the interests and affairs of all the American nations. This assumption of control has caused ill-feeling between the United States and other countries and has led foreign powers to hold our government responsible for all troubles arising between American and European nations.

Among the countries which are supposed to be receiving the benefit of this protection, are a few which if not able to care for their own welfare, are at least qualified to take part in the directing of their course. The foremost of these—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—have recently begun to resent this attitude of the United States, and it may not be long before they will compel us to at least ask their advice on questions which affect the countries of this continent and to share some of our authority in these matters with them. The thing for the United States to do, is not to abandon this time-honored doctrine, but to share the authority under it with those countries which have proven themselves to be worthy of the trust and have shown that their governments are as stable as that of our republic.

—Louie W. Myers, June '15.

THE VALUE OF SEWING

THERE is a general impression that the Sewing course has no purpose but to teach girls correct and careful sewing. This is, in reality, but a part of its manifold aim, its equally important teaching being to make good home-makers, and to show girls their responsibility in the world.

In no other study are the present day social and economic conditions entered into more fully. A careful study of the textile industry, beginning with the primitive woman—with her mat and basket weaving, up to the present day is made. Through this study a knowledge is gained of the factory system, its good and evil. It is the woman who buys, and by her demand, regulates both the quality of goods thrown on the market and the conditions under which they are manufactured. It is therefore essential that every girl know something of the industrial conditions, that she may help eliminate industrial evils, such as child labor, by demanding goods made only at the model factories. It is equally essential that she have a thorough knowledge of textiles, so that she may detect adulterations in materials and be able to buy wisely and economically.

In view of these facts sewing should be considered one of the most beneficial studies open to girls in high school.

—Zella Melcher.



SENIOR A CLASS REPORT

THE Senior A Class has shown a great deal of class spirit this semester. The meetings have been well represented and every one has taken an interest in the class. We gave a banquet in the school gymnasium for the Class of Jan. '15 and it was certainly a success. A good dinner was served, many toasts were given by members of the two classes and of the faculty, and an interesting program was enjoyed. The gymnasium was very attractively decorated with crepe paper, flowers and candles in the school and class colors. The excellent results of this banquet were due chiefly to our President, Sam Grinsfelder, and to the committees that he appointed.

Our first class meeting as Senior A's was held February 1, 1915, and the officers for the Senior A semester were elected. Sam Grinsfelder was re-elected President; Florence Woodward, Vice President; Winifred Bagley, Secretary; Ralph Neely, Treasurer; Freda Storm, Reporter to the Tamarack; Robert Kolbe, Sergeant-at-Arms; and Signor Blum, Yell Leader.

We are very proud of our honor roll and we have reason to be so, for it is one of the largest of any graduating class. Beth Chapman, Ralph Neely, Vera Martin, Helen Ross, Sam Grinsfelder, and Russell Hunter will be our class orators. Beth Chapman and Ralph Neely were chosen by the class, and Sam Grinsfelder and Russell Hunter by Mr. Hargreaves.

SENIOR B CLASS REPORT

There have been three Senior B Class meetings already this year at which were planned many class activities. The members of the class have shown more class spirit than ever before. The first meeting was held the second day of this semester when the following officers were elected:

Forty-nine

Merlyn Webber	President
Grace Turner	Vice President
Alta Cooney	Secretary
Leslie Hamer	Treasurer
Jessie Manners	Reporter
Philip McEntee	Yell Leader

If words count for anything we are going to be very busy during the coming year; however, most of our efforts will be towards the entertainment of the Senior A's.

JUNIOR A CLASS REPORT

The Class of June '16 has been very active during the past few months. On February 4th was held our election of new officers and the following were chosen to attend to the affairs of the class for the coming semester:

Walter Russell	President
Marguerite Klein	Vice President
Florence De Rosa	Secretary
Clifton Abrams	Treasurer
Frank Spaulding	Reporter to Tamarack
Joe McCormick	Sergeant-at-Arms
Kenneth Mower	Yell Leader

An interesting meeting was held some time later and the question of class pins was discussed at length. Committees are still busy and much effort is being put forth to secure a specially desirable class pin. Other business was transacted and the class was entertained by a splendid program consisting of readings, instrumental and vocal music.

The Junior A's and B's met together to elect captains for baseball and track. Merle Lentz was chosen track captain from the Junior A's.

The class was well represented in the "High Jinks" and Masque play. The debating teams that won from Harrington and Lewis and Clark contained June '16 boys. One of our members saved the day for the North Central in the S. A. R. contest, winning first prize over five orators from Lewis and Clark.

Plans are being formulated for other class activities and the year promises to be an active one for each member.

JUNIOR B CLASS REPORT

March third the Junior B Class met in Room 218 and the President, Reg Bullivant, took charge.

March fourth the Junior B Class and the Junior A Class met in Room 213 and Merle Lentz was elected as track captain, while Clinton Sohns was unanimously elected baseball captain.

SOPHOMORE A CLASS REPORT

The Sophomore A Class held a rousing meeting in Room 118 at the beginning of the semester for the purpose of electing the class officers, track captain, and baseball captain. We are indeed glad to have Miss Bostrom back again as Class Director. The class is planning many things for the future, for we are a live class.

The officers chosen for the spring semester are:

Carol Elliot	President
Harold Eddy	Vice President
Esmer Cavanaugh	Secretary
Max Howe	Treasurer
Mary Stewart	Reporter to Tamarack
Ruth Sampson	Sergeant-at-Arms
George Murphy	Track Captain
Archie Torkelson	Baseball Captain
Leroy Armond	Yell Master

SOPHOMORE B CLASS REPORT

While we were still Freshman A's the class gave a party in the gymnasium, January 16th. Over eighty members of the class were there and became acquainted with one another. Games were played, a short program was given and refreshments were served. A large part of the success was due to the committees. We were chaperoned by Miss Bigelow, Miss Ware, Miss Bickley, Miss Gibson, and Mr. Collins.

A meeting was held February 3rd for the election of officers and resulted as follows:

Llewellyn McEachran	President
Delia Hammer	Vice President
Evan Pearson	Treasurer

Lucile Reed	Secretary
Paul Gilliland	Yell Master
Hugh Richardson	Tamarack Reporter

FRESHMAN A CLASS REPORT

Fresh and enthusiastic the "Class of June '18" assembled in Room 200 March fourth. The meeting was delayed until a constitution could be framed. Harold McLaren presided over the meeting and the following officers were elected:

Harold McLaren	President
Dana Blood	Vice President
Bessie Mendham	Secretary
Mary Van Dyke	Treasurer
Margaret Stewart	Reporter
Maurice Jackson	Sergeant-at-Arms

There was a large attendance at the meeting and this year promises a full and pleasing one. As it was the first meeting we did not make any plans for the future but expect to arrange some interesting events for the coming season.





DELTAS

Yes, the Deltas have started things off with a rush as usual and will continue doing things the rest of the year.

At the semi-annual election officers were elected and every man is a "live wire" in North Central activities.

Signor Blum	Grand Master
Stuart Lower	Jr. Grand Master
John Groom	Exchequer
Howard Olin	Scribe
Frank Taylor	Reporter

With this cabinet, and the co-operation of the rest of the Deltas, this should be, and we intend to make it, the best year since the club was first organized.

The club made a good beginning when it gave the "Delta High Jinks," the first show presented to the public by any North Central organization in which only boys took part, and in the presentation of which no coaching was received from any professional coach outside the club membership. Many of the acts would be a credit to any professional stage according to many people who saw them. The actors were helped out greatly by the orchestra and especially by Arthur Torgerson, the director, who wrote practically all of the orchestrations for the show.

The Deltas wish to thank the students for the excellent support in this enterprise, and remember there will be another "High Jinks" next year.

MASQUE REPORT

On March 26th the Masque presented "The Man On the Box," a comedy in three acts, by Harold McGrath. The auditorium was well filled and the play was a big success. As the Masque is now wholly a dramatic club, the cast represented the best dramatic talent in the school. The cast was as follows:

Fifty-three

THE TAMARACK

Miss Elizabeth Annesly.....	Alta Cooney
Lieutenant Robert Warburton..	Signor Blum
Mr. Charles Henderson.....	Ralph Neely
Miss Nancy Warburton.....	Irene Oliver
Mrs. Conway.....	Grace Turner
Cora, the Maid.....	Mary Stewart
Col. George Annesly.....	Merton Jesseph
Count Karloff.....	Philip McEntee
Col. Raleigh.....	Morton Margolyes
Judge Watts.....	Stuart Lower
Pierre, a French Chef.....	Harry Lynde
Mr. Martin, Court Clerk.....	Walter Russell
Officer Cassidy.....	Gordon Cook
Officer O'Brien.....	Bryan Leiser
William, a Stable Boy.....	Kenneth Mower

The tryout for new members was held February 5th. Those selected were: Mildred McHenry, Ruth Stone, Claude Voelker, Philip McEntee, and Kenneth Mower.

The following officers were elected at the beginning of the new semester:

Bryan Leiser	President
Winifred Bagley	Vice President
Esther Muir	Recording Secretary
Ralph Neely	Corresponding Secretary
Signor Blum	Treasurer
Mildred Drummond	Reporter

BOYS' TENNIS CLUB

Mr. Kreider, Director of Tennis in the High School, called a meeting of the Boys' Tennis Club on February 18. Thirty members responded to the call. The following officers were elected:

Gerald Hover	President
Frank Taylor ..	Vice President
Spencer Morse	Secretary
Stanley Croonquist	Treasurer

Great interest was shown in this meeting, all the boys pledging themselves to make tennis a standard sport in the Spokane high schools.

It is the purpose of the club to arrange tournaments with various other organizations of the city, and so Mr. Kreider has started prac-

tice early in order that the players may be in condition when the season opens.

The club is very fortunate in having Mr. Kreider for director and coach. He is an experienced player, having played on one of the big college tennis teams. He knows all the fine points of the game, and the boys are confident that they can produce a team, which, under his training, will win from Lewis and Clark.

THE WENDELL PHILLIPS CLUB

The Wendell Phillips Club feels well pleased with the success thus far attained in the interesting and instructive program outlined for this year. With the election of Russell White as President, the first big success was the Faculty Debate on February 16, in which Mr. Kaye and Mr. Kennedy upheld the affirmative, while Mr. Jones and Mr. Collins supported the negative of the question: "Resolved, That the welfare of the United States demands a larger and more efficient navy."

The annual J. Herman Beare Contest, the Interclass Debate series, and a Washington Birthday Party are among the things yet to come which the club hopes to carry out in a creditable manner. The annual J. Herman Beare Contest will be given in the North Central auditorium, May 28. This contest, which is one of the events of the school year, is open to every student, and lively competition for the prizes is looked for this year.

The Interclass Debate series will start not later than March 1. The interest already manifested in this contest promises to develop it into the most hotly contested series ever held in the school. The class winning the series is to receive a trophy to commemorate their success. The finals will probably be held in the North Central auditorium toward the last of the school year.

A committee has also been arranging for a social gathering to be held on Washington's Birthday.

All in all, the prospect for an active and instructive program for the following year is most promising for the Wendell Phillips Club.

THE AGENDA CLUB

This club was organized in the first part of December and at that time had only ten active members. Since that time the mem-

bership has increased to fifty of the liveliest fellows in the school, representing almost every school activity. The purpose of the club is, "to maintain and extend throughout the N. C. H. S. a high standard of Christian character and a fitting high school spirit." With this object in view the following officers were elected at the first meeting of the semester:

Frank Penrose	President
Archie Devore	Vice President
Harry L. Hughes	Secretary
Merle Lentz	Treasurer

We meet every Friday evening at the Y. M. C. A. at six o'clock and have a feed and program. We have been very fortunate, of late, in securing Mr. D. C. Coates, former Commissioner, and Attorney Hamblin as speakers. A quartette has been formed from among the members and they, with the help of different members who play instruments, have furnished some very good musical programs.

On the evening of March 13, we celebrated the acquirement of a full membership by entertaining our lady friends at a banquet and every one present agreed that it was a great success.

We are now planning our different activities for the rest of the spring semester. Chief among these will be the program to be given on Agenda Day and co-operation with the Delta club in staging their semi-annual Freshman Frolic.

The membership of this club is limited to fifty members, chosen from students of the N. C. H. S., preference being given to upper classmen. The club has been so popular from the start and there has been so many now seeking admission to it that we are contemplating forming a new club, which will take up the same line of activities, thus giving the lower classmen a chance to share some of our advantages. Those who have been watching the rapid progress of the club closely, predict for it a position of the foremost influence among the numerous organizations of the N. C. H. S.

VOX PUELLARUM

On February 12, a meeting of the Vox Puellarum was held for the purpose of electing new officers. Those elected were:

Olive Lepper	President
Bess Davis	Vice President
Dove Frederick	Secretary
Naomi Bourquin	Treasurer

The club held a lively meet at which it was decided to offer a prize for the best short story written by any girl in the North Central High School.

DIE GERMANISTISCHE GESELLSCHAFT

At the first meeting the following officers were elected for this semester:

Clinton Diamond	President
Mildred Kershaw	Vice President
Jessie Nichols	Secretary
Irene Anderson	Treasurer

The society still has room for a few more live and interested German students to fill the places left vacant by graduation. The entertaining programs have drawn a good attendance to every meeting, and much interest is shown in the Kaffee-Klatch to be held in the gymnasium some time in the near future.

SANS SOUCI

The French play "Les Facheux" was given on Friday, February the twenty-eighth. The parts were taken by Eva Black, Helen Ouserud, Beth Chapman, and Neva Martin. Two of the parts had to be left out on account of conflicts. The play, as it was given, was very enjoyable and very well done.

At this meeting Miss Borressen was introduced and made a speech in French which was very much enjoyed. We hope Miss Borressen may become actively interested in the club and help us in the work.

On Wednesday, March the twenty-fourth, the following program was rendered:

A Story.....	Louise McPherson
A Recitation, L'Ane.....	Jean McMoran
A Recitation, L'Extase.....	Boyd Reynolds
A Sketch, Le Suatorze Juillet.....	
Papa	Boyd Reynolds
Paul	Leo Wilson
Maman	Marion Allen
Marguerite	Myrtle Harms

As usual the whole club sang French songs, including a French version of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

MATHEMATICS SOCIETY

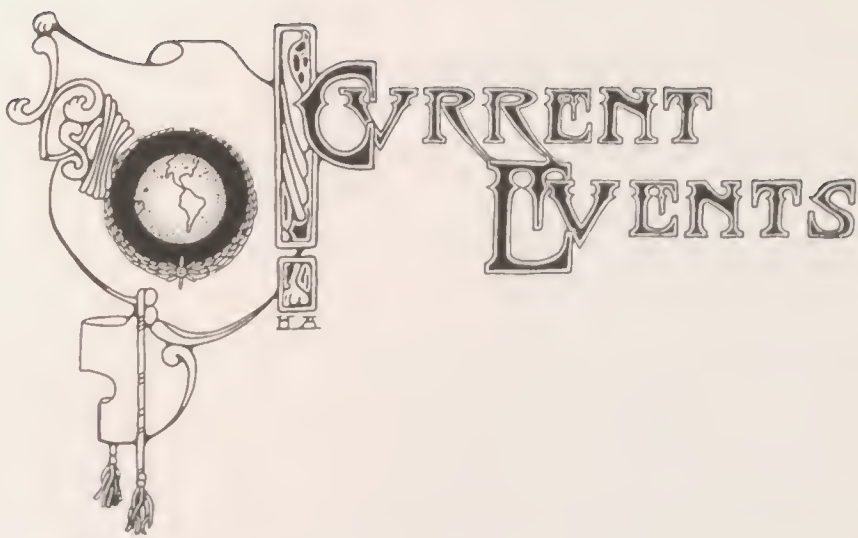
It is evident that the members of the Mathematics Society are not losing interest in the club from the fact that all the meetings are well attended.

The society celebrated its second anniversary in a very interesting manner this year. All students in the school, eligible to membership, were entertained at the home of Helena Pearl on Saturday evening, February twenty-seventh. The honored guests numbered about twenty. The affair was in the form of a St. Patrick's party. Following a well planned program, games were introduced and an enjoyable hour spent.

At a recent business meeting, four new members were elected, making the membership complete. Those chosen were: Eloise McKay, Harry Hughes, Ralph Jacobson, and Harold Eddy.

The Contest Committee is making plans for the annual Geometry Contest which is to be given the first week in May. The exact date will be announced later. Any student in the school, who has had one year of Geometry or who is now taking Geometry II, is eligible. The club members urge all those, who are eligible, to participate in this contest.





AT THE CONVOCATION on March 5, Olive Lepper explained the short story contest that the Vox Puellarum Society has arranged. It is expected that some live, interesting stories will be the outcome.

Our team was well supported by a large number of North Centralites at the debate on March 5. This debate was the last of the State series, of which North Central has lost none. Our side was ably represented by Russell White, Sam Grinsfelder, and Russell Hunter. The Lewis and Clark team consisted of Ernest Kobelt, Robert Porterfield, and Steele Lindsay. The subject discussed was: "Resolved, That all revenues for local purposes in the State of Washington should be raised by a tax levied on land values only. Constitutionality granted." Each contestant gave a constructive speech of ten minutes, and a five-minutes' rebuttal. At the end of a rather fiery discussion, the judges awarded the decision to the negative side, the North Central team. The judges were, Principal George A. Ketcham, from Missoula, Montana; Principal Bruce M. Milliken, from Butte, Montana; and Professor Collins, of the University of Idaho, Moscow. Mr. L. R. Hamblen was Chairman. The Lewis and Clark Quartette sang a pleasing opening number; while Miss Priscilla Smith rendered a delightful piano solo at the close of the debate.

SEEN AT THE DELTA HIGH JINKS.



JOHN BULL-ITALY
SPALLING



CUNDY.



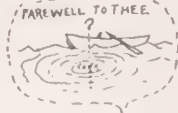
MARGOLYES



KIRK

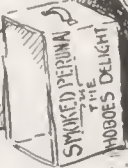


HARRIS & LECLAIRE



TAYLOR

SHEEHAN



WATFORD

THE BUM'S REUNION.



BLACKFACE COMEDIANS
SLOWER BLEISER RWHITE.



A SLACK ROPE ARTIST.
FRANK McMAHON.

Principal Hargreaves called a special meeting of the boys of the school on March 12. The purpose of the convocation was a mystery to those not admitted, until several of the teachers were seen carrying huge pails up the different streets surrounding the school. Each class was assigned to clean up a certain street and a teacher was told to go behind with a pail. In a few minutes the streets around the school were as spick and span as seven hundred eager boys could make them.

When a convocation was called in the afternoon for the girls consternation was written on more than one face for fear that she would be compelled to wash windows. But no such edict came forth; attention was called merely to the fact that care should be taken to keep the grounds in order, for the welcome of spring.

On the evening of March 12, the Deltas gave a vaudeville performance entitled "The Delta High-Jinks" in the auditorium. By the time the curtain went up on the opening act nearly every seat was taken. The boys' unusual talent entitles them to a large amount of credit, as they carried out the program with professional skill.

The Sophomores and Freshmen were called to witness the presentation of the Basket-ball Letters in convocation on March 19. The boys to whom the letters were awarded were: Merle Lentz, Frank Skadan, Clinton Sohns, Paul Cox, Rex Anderson, Ralph Gaitskill, and Howard Olin. Ray Munson, Clair Davis, Roy Miller, Elmer Stack, and Gordon Cook received second team letters. At the close of the convention Mr. Woodward was presented with a handsome watch-fob by the team.

On the afternoon of March 19, Miss Wilson called a meeting of all the Nine A and B girls. She delivered a short address to them, in which she pointed out the many discouragements that they were likely to come up against in their first year of school, and the importance of meeting these bravely, and overpowering them.

Miss Bickley addressed the girls on "The Importance of the Freshman Year." She said that the Freshman year was, in her estimation, the most important of the four years of high school life, because a girl sets the standard in that year by which she governs the rest of her school life.

Sam Grinsfelder, Advertising Manager of the Masque play, "The Man on the Box," delivered a short talk to the student body on March 26. The appearance of the members of the cast in costume was another important factor in bringing out a large attendance at the performance.

On the afternoon of April second a Spring Millinery Exhibit was held in Miss Olney's sewing room. A number of the students and members of the faculty attended, in spite of the fact that some of the latter declared they would not go unless tea be served. Over fifty dainty hats were on exhibition, the majority of these being for street wear.

Mr. Fred B. Smith, a man of national repute, spoke to the boys of the school on Wednesday morning, March 31st.

His message was to the boy who is slow in his studies, to the boy who has few friends, to the boy who is pressed on every side and is ready to drop school.

"Don't quit!" he said. "Don't quit school even if some old logy has told you that you can never succeed. Stick! and you'll come out at the top in the end.

"For the fellow who is afraid of work, who has a 'yellow streak' running through him, I say, he'd better get it out of him pretty quick or he'll never amount to anything. It is the boy who'll struggle on when he is ready to drop, who is going to make 'the man' of tomorrow."

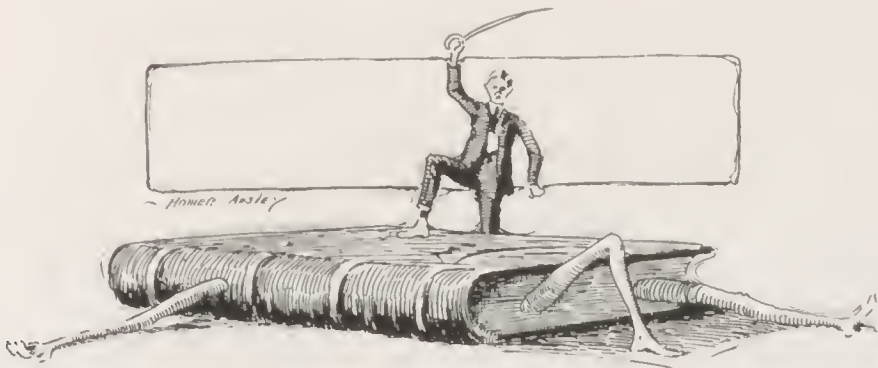
On Friday evening, March 26, the Masque Society presented "The Man On the Box," under the direction of Miss Rogers. This play was, without doubt, one of the best performances ever given in the North Central, and the best of the many excellent ones presented by the Masque. The two leading roles were splendidly acted by Signor Blum and Alta Cooney. Much credit must be given to Ralph Neely, whose interpretation of the part of Charlie Henderson was excellent. Grace Turner as Mrs. Conway, and Merton Jesseph in the role of Colonel Annesley, are also worthy of mention for their skillful acting.

The rest of the cast were exceedingly well-fitted for their respective parts. Among those worthy of mention are: Irene Oliver, Philip McEntee, Stuart Lower, Bryan Leiser, Morton Margoyles, Harry Lynde, Mary Stewart, Gordon Cook, Walter Russell, and Kenneth Mower.

The talk that Mr. W. G. Paine gave to Junior and Senior boys of the School, in March, was doubly interesting: first, because it came from a successful business man; second, because it was in part inspired by a North Central alumnus, Alan Paine.

Mr. Paine is one of the head officers of the Inland Empire Electric Railway. Speaking of the value of a college education to a man in business, Mr. Paine said his experience with men showed that a college education increased a man's efficiency in any business, in that it enabled him to "think to the bottom of things." When asked regarding his own course in life, he said "When a boy, I worked in a wood-yard. I became a traveling-salesman; later, I entered the wholesale grocery business, from which I retired some years ago. When a friend suggested building an electric railway, we raised the money. I have been in this last business ever since."

The short-story contest, held under the auspices of the Vox Puellarum, was closed on April second. This contest, open to all girls of the North Central, has proved very successful. The judges chosen were Mr. Coleman, Miss Clarke, and Mr. Prickett. For the three best original stories, which are to be published in the Tamarack, prizes of five, three, and two dollars will be awarded.



ATHLETICS

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

GEORGE SWANK, a Freshman, won the annual cross-country run of two miles, in thirteen minutes and ten seconds. Bolivar Seofield, a Junior, was second; Farrel Low, Freshman, third; Spencer Morse, Junior, fourth; and Rowland Spiger, a Freshman, was fifth. The next five to finish were: Collins, Blunt, Dueve, Clark, and Rogers.

About forty men started on the run north on Stevens Street and around Corbin Park back to the school and only two failed to finish. The feature of the run was in the fact that there were three Freshmen in the first five to finish.

George Swank, the winner, is out for track for the first time, and is going to give some of the older men a go for honors in the distance events, having taken first in the Interclass Meet in the distance event.

FRESHMAN A'S WIN

In the annual Freshman Track Meet, the Freshman A's easily won, making 41 points to the 9 B's 10. Lentz was the star of the meet, winning first place in the 30-yard dash and the 30-yard hurdles. Coach Woodward put the boys through seven events, the summary of which follows:

Thirty-Yard Dash—Lentz, A, first; Richards, B, second; Coey, A, third. Time, :04.

Thirty-Yard Hurdles—Lentz, A, first; Spiger, A, second; Jones, A, third. Time, :04 2-5.

High Jump—Coey, A, first; Bates, A, second; Crawford, A, Butler, A, and Ferris, B, third. Height, 4 feet 11 inches.

Shotput—F. Watt, A, first; L. Watt, A, second; Coey, A, third. Distance, 36 feet.

Half-Mile Run—Swank, A, first; Patoek, A, second; Hawley, B, third. Time, 2:13.

Sixty-four

Pole Vault—Hawley, A, and Richards, B, tied for first; Sha, B, third. Height, 8 feet.

One Hundred and Forty-Yard Relay won by (A) Swank, Butler, Coey, Lentz, and Roberts.

SENIORS ARE BEST

The Senior Class walked off with the honors in the Interclass Track Meet held on Friday the nineteenth of March. The Seniors made 35 points to the Juniors' 11. The Freshmen were a close third with 10 points, while the Sophomores made 7. The meet not only attracted a large number of track men but was also well attended by the school at large.

The summary follows:

Thirty-Yard Dash—Pearson, Sophomore, first; Legault, Freshman, second; P. Lentz, Freshman, third. Time, :04.

Thirty-Yard Hurdles—Neely, Senior, first; Melsaacs, Sophomore, second; T. Lentz, Freshman, third. Time, :04 3-5.

High Jump—Cox, Senior, and Nelson, Sophomore, tie for first; M. Lentz, Junior, third.

Shotput—W. Anderson, Senior, first; Skadan, Junior, second; Neely, Senior, third. Distance, 39:3 1-2.

Pole Vault—Neely, Senior, first; Taylor, Senior, second; M. Lentz, Junior, third. Height, 9:6.

Half Mile—C. McKenzie, Senior, first; Marsh, Junior, second; McGuire, Senior, third. Time, 2:16.

Mile Run—Swank, Freshman, first; Dueve, Junior, second; Olson, Senior, third. Time, 5:22 1-5.

The Senior team won the relay.

BASEBALL

The entire indoor baseball schedule was not finished, the players being able to get out of doors for practice. Twelve games were played, however, and the teams finished in the following order:

Team	Won	Lost	Per Cent
Cubs	2	0	1.000
Vikings	2	1	.666
Athletics	2	1	.666
Faculty	2	1	.666
Pirates	1	1	.500

Twilights	1	1	.500
Braves	1	1	.500
Morning Glories	1	2	.333
Reds	0	2	.000
Senators	0	2	.000

Following are the names of the teams and their captains: Vikings, Torkelson; Twilights, Prather; Braves, Meehan; Cubs, Durst; Senators, Daniel; Morning Glories, Rockstrum; Athletics, Harris; Senators, Daniels; Morning Glories, Rockstrum; Athletics, Harris; Faculty, Kennedy; Reds, Dwyer; Pirates, Anderson.

The series created a lot of excitement and enabled Coach Davis to get a line, not only on the old, but on the new material as well. With the old string men and a bunch of promising new material, North Central will have another winning nine.

Here are a few of the players who have reported for work: Anderson, Sohns, Skadan, Melsaaes, Rockstrum, Torkelson, Durst, Daniels, McPhee, Dunton, Meehan, Byersdorf, Partridge, Cox, Ryan, Hawkes, Guenther, Lamb, and Bartlett.

TRACK PROSPECTS

The results of the Track Meet held in the gym on Friday, March the nineteenth, show that North Central will avenge itself for last season's defeat.

All the old track men have reported for work and with the promising new material, North Central is going to have a winning team this year.

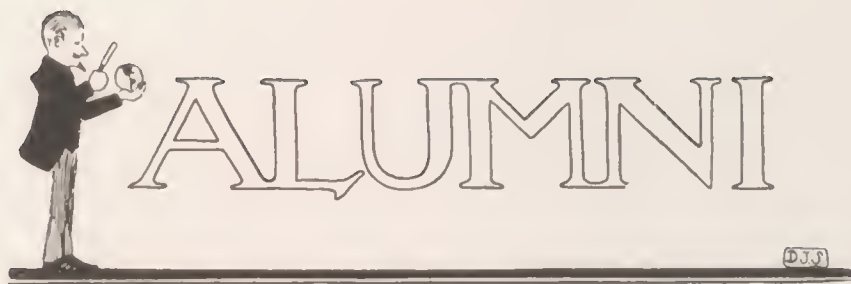
In the sprints we have Pearson, Legault, Morse, and Lentz, a promising Freshman.

The loss of Neely will be felt in the hurdles, but Melsaaes and Lentz both showed up well in that even in the indoor meet.

Will Anderson, Curly Skadan, Reg Bullivant, with some husky new men, will show up well in the weight events.

Cox, Nelson, Taylor, and Lentz showed fine work in the pole vault and high jump events and ought to make a place in that position.

The distance men, Cameron McKenzie, George Swank, Dueve, and others, are in fine form and are working out every night to get into better shape.



MARY T. CAUGHIEY and Marion Wise of the Class of June '12 graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Empire Theatre Art School, New York, Friday, March 19.

Gertrude Upton, a graduate of the January '13 Class, is making a splendid record at Grinnell College, Iowa.

Erna Wylder, a member of the June '14 Class, is making a record at Whitman that North Central may well be proud of.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Gust Jansson, Jan. '13:

"A bit of good luck came my way on the first day of this new year. Mr. A. M. Winston, State Representative from the Sixth District, asked me if I would like to go with him to Olympia and do his private stenographic work as well as work as a stenographer for the State of Washington. I told him that I would like that very much, so he told me to meet with him in Olympia Monday, January 11, 1915."

Carl Krogstad, June '13, is studying journalism and advertising at the University of Washington.

Chris Rohwer, June '12, having attended the University of Washington for three years, is going east for a medical course next year.

Howard Rouse, Jan. '13, is attending the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Inez Williams, June '12, is attending the University of North Dakota.

James Gibbons, June '12, is attending the Chicago Institute of Art, and Howard Imhoff, June '13, is attending the Art Institute at Pittsburg.

Marian Turner, June '12, is studying at Oberlin.



Mr. Sanborn: "To what do you attribute your failure in physiography?"

Alice S.: "Dallas Rader."

Mr. Collins (History IV): "The only thing against the Chinamen is the fact that they insist upon wearing their shirts over their trousers."

Mr. Kaye: "What were the peculiar characteristics of the steamboat?"

Jeanette S.: "They were pulled by horses."

Miss Broomhall (teaching the use of verbs in Spanish II): "Illustrate the verbs finishing and ending, Carl."

Carl Norquist: "He began by starting at the finish."

Sam M. (translating Spanish): "The mules stopped in the middle of the road and rolled his eyes."

Mr. Kaye: "What are some of Lowell's works?"

Beth C.: "Whittier's 'Snow Bound.'"

Freshman B (passing the veterinary college on Indiana Avenue): "It's funny we never see any of the old soldiers around here."

Her Big Sister: "Old soldiers?"

Fresh. B.: "Yes. Isn't this a hospital for veterans?"

Mr. Davis (Chemistry II): "What is bone black?"

R. Greenough (just awakening): "What did you say? Boot-black?"

Miss Bemiss: "What king of Lydia was noted for his wealth?"

Student: "Crocus."

Miss Frank (in Physiology Class): "Alice, go down to the kitchen and get 'Snyder's Human Body.'"

Mr. Collins: "Why haven't I bought a fountain pen?"

B. Rogers: "The fifteen-cent store is out of business."

L. A. (to A. D., in Phy. II): "Oh, I say! Have you got your skin drawn?"

Miss Borreson (French I): "Are all here? Those who are not please shout."

Mr. Kaye (History VII): "Olive Paulisson, you may take the first report. Olive Hahner, you may take the second. Olive Lepper, you may take the third."

Voice (in the rear of the room): "My! we'll have a whole bottle of Olives soon."

Mr. Rice (at Glee Club practice): "Sit up straight and maybe you won't give me such crooked notes."

Dr. Benefiel (assigning lesson in Chemistry): "You will take Arsenic tomorrow."

Helen B. in Short-Story Class gave the following title of a story:

"Wanted—A Clever, Sweet Young Man."

Helen: "That kinda appealed to me."

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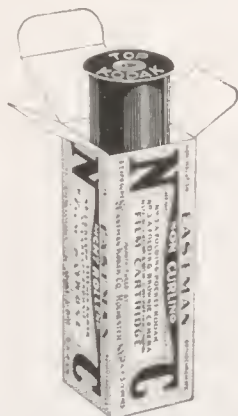


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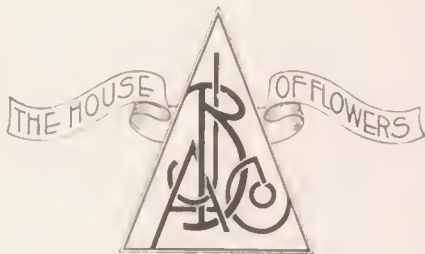
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What shall I give him for Christ-
mas?"

"A muffler." Ex.

Little Robert: "Ma, was Robinson
Crusoe an aerobat?"

Mother: "I don't know. Why?"

Little Robert: "Well, here it reads
that after he had finished his day's
work he sat down on his chest."
Ex.

Miss Patterson (English IV):
"What were the Guilds in the time
of Shakespeare?"

Frank S.: "Ladies' Aid Societies."



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Id Bachelor: "But the Latin dictionary tells us that 'woman' is 'mulier'."—Ex.

History Teacher: "Name the Tndors."

Student: "Front door and back door."—Ex.

Johnny: "Good-bye, father, I'll write before the end of the week."

Father: "Good gracious, Johnny, you must make that cheek last longer than that."—Ex.

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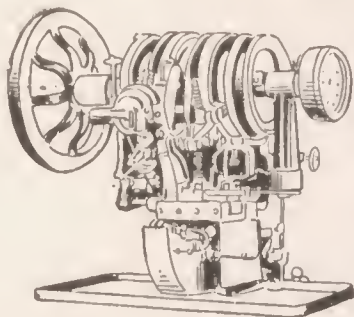


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Ex.

Hicks (watching the basket-ball roll around the edge of the basket and finally roll out): "D-d-did you s-s-see the b-b-blame thing st-st-stutter?"
Ex.

Gladys A.: "Oh, Miss Hamilton; what shall I do when the machine sews upside down?"

Miss Hamilton: "Turn it over."

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Rushed a frantic mother there,
Came the father forth explaining,
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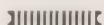
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G. C.: "If you don't stop that I'll hold your hand."

N. H.: "Oh, I'm used to that."

"I'm at my wits' end," cried the King as he trod on the toe of the jester."—Ex.

Two Irishmen on a sultry night took refuge under the bedclothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: "Furgus! Furgus! it's no use; you might as well come out; here's one of the craythers searching for us wid a lantern."—Ex.

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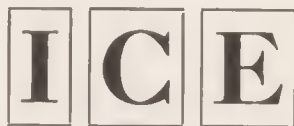
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